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Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

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Citizens National Bank



VIOLENCE and even death itself mean nothing to villains who will stop at nothing in their relentless pursuit of wealth. THE BROKEN COIN... See THE BROKEN COIN... AT THE BIJOU Today

SOCIETY

Mrs. J. L. Shepard and little son, Marshall, have gone to Iva for a few days visit to friends there.

Mrs. Lindsay Harper has returned to her home in Ellberton, Ga., after a few days visit to her daughter, Mrs. Harleston Barton.

Miss Beale Allen of Belton came up last evening for "A Pair of Sixes." She was the guest of Mrs. J. P. Trowbridge.

Senior Philatelic Class. The Senior Philatelic class of the First Baptist church will be entertained this afternoon by Mrs. James N. Pearman and Mrs. Joe Ashley at Mrs. Fearman's residence on South Main street.

Miss Vina Patrick has returned from a visit to Mrs. Frank Gary in Abbeville.

Mrs. J. P. Hillhouse and Miss Lou Hillhouse spent the week-end in Abbeville with relatives.

Hearts Delight Club. The Hearts Delight club will meet on Thursday afternoon at three-thirty with Mrs. W. C. Glimmer, north of Anderson.

Messrs. Claude and P. D. Satterfield of Bowman, Ga., were business visitors in the city yesterday.

Mrs. Keith Glenn of Centerville, was in the city shopping yesterday.

Mr. Nelson Bonds of Iva was a business visitor yesterday.

Mr. Ralph Hunter of Pendleton was among the business visitors in Anderson yesterday.

Mr. Will Mouchet of Iva spent yesterday in Anderson.

PASTOR FOUNDED

Pleasant Occasion Held in Williamston Church.

Editor The Intelligencer: Please let me say, the good people of the First Street church, Williamston, continue to make their pastor feel that he is among friends. On last Saturday night...

W. D. Hammett, Williamston, Nov. 9.

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert, vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin, a natural, rosy complexion, and freedom from illness are assured only by clean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning water bath, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions, instead of the multitudes of "nervous wrecks," "run-downs," "brain tags" and "neurotics" we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere. An invigorating bath is had by drinking each morning before breakfast a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of Timson's phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and feet yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, toxic fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before the nutritious food is taken.

D. H. RUSSELL HAS CROSSED THE RIVER

WIDELY KNOWN AND GREATLY BELOVED CITIZEN DIED EARLY TUESDAY

FUNERAL TODAY

Services Will Be Held at Central Presbyterian Church—An Autobiographical Sketch.

Mr. David Hamilton Russell, one of the best known and most beloved citizens of Anderson and the upper section of the state, died at his home, No. 1220 South Main street, Tuesday morning at 5:25 o'clock. His health had been failing rapidly for several months, and for the past three months had been confined to his bed. For two weeks or more immediately preceding his death he was practically unconscious, and last Monday it was realized that the end was very near. The death bed was surrounded by the members of the family residing here. The funeral services will be held this afternoon at 4 o'clock at the Central Presbyterian church, of which he was a consistent and devoted member, and will be conducted by his pastor, the Rev. D. Witherston Dodge. Interment will be at Silver Brook cemetery. The following elders of the church will serve as pallbearers: Dr. B. A. Henry, Mr. W. S. Ramsay, Mr. G. N. C. Coleman, Mr. J. L. Shepard, Dr. M. A. Thompson and Mr. J. H. Anderson.

Mr. Russell is survived by his widow, who was Miss Frances E. Smith and five children, as follows: Miss May Russell, of this city; Miss Lella Russell of York county; Mr. H. Russell of this county; Col. Thos. H. Russell and Maj. T. G. Russell, both of Staunton Military Academy, of Staunton, Va. Two infant daughters and one son, James W., aged 11 years, died many years ago. Mr. Russell is also survived by five brothers and two sisters. The brothers are: W. W. Russell of this city; Mr. E. A. Russell of Oklahoma; Mr. G. W. Russell of Easley; Mr. B. F. Russell of Whitlamston; and Mr. J. A. Russell of Greenville. The sisters are Mrs. J. M. Guyton of this city, and Mrs. W. A. Neal of Atlanta.

Sketch of His Life. The sketch as written by Mr. Russell himself is as follows: I was born on January 14, 1841, in Garvin township, Anderson county, S. C. in the home where my mother was born and where she was married on the 28th day of December, 1839, she being not quite eighteen years of age when I was born. I was baptised in Old Carmel church by the Rev. J. L. Kennedy, who had also married my father and mother. When I was seven years of age my father removed from the plantation to Anderson to publish the county paper, The Anderson Gazette, in which he had bought an interest. He remained in Anderson for about seven years during which time I went to school, first to an academy on the Baptist parsonage, for which was the beginning of the Johnson Female University, and later to the Presbyterian College Seminary for Girls, but which had a department for boys of my father's name. Later I went to the Anderson Male Academy taught by J. W. John S. Presley, and A. R. ...

was a most rigid disciplinarian, usually beginning the day's exercises by reading the Scriptures and prayer and chastising the delinquent boys of the day before. In the fall of 1854 my grandfather, Col. D. K. Hamilton, having lost all his children by death—except my mother, gave her a plantation adjoining his to induce my father and mother to move back so as to be near him in his declining years, and from that time until I went to the University of Virginia I was a pupil under Rev. John L. Kennedy at Old Thalian academy. In the fall of 1858 I entered the University of Virginia, taking a literary course the first year and the course in law the second year, planning to enter the bar when of age. In the fall of 1860, I entered the law office of Harrison and Whitner at Anderson and remained with them until January 1st, 1861, and did being old enough by a year to be admitted to the bar I taught school in the Old Thalian academy, Mr. Kennedy having moved to Williamston.

In January, 1861, I volunteered in the Palmetto Riflemen, a company formed in Anderson under Captain James H. Whitner, and on the 13th of April, 1861, was called into service, a regiment having meantime been formed of which my company was a part. This was the Fourth South Carolina Volunteers and was commanded by Colonel John D. Ashmore. Shortly after organization Colonel Ashmore resigned and Colonel J. B. Sloss succeeded to the command and remained the longest until the terms of enlistment (12 months) expired. The regiment was quartered in Columbia for two months in camp of instruction and then it was transferred to the D. S. A. and in June we were ordered to Virginia. In 40 days we reached Richmond and were camped there until the fall of 1861, then we were ordered to Leeburg, Va. where we were first on the Potomac river, making our first march on foot from Gainesville to Leesburg. We camped here for a week or two and then were ordered to try the sea march, and after two or three days we were ordered back to Ball's Bluff, preparatory to our first encounter on the Banks of Appomattox, and here on the 1st of July, 1861, we received our baptism of fire, which engagement was opened by the Fourth regiment. The result the world knows. The next day the battle a

terrible thunderstorm prevailed and having no protection we were drenched to the skin. This exposure brought on rheumatism of a violent nature and I was sent to the Culpepper hospital, and from there I was sent home in August, 1861, and I lay prostrate and helpless until the following March. I reached the army on its retreat from Manassas at Orange Court House and made the march back to Richmond through cold and rain and sleet, and being much weakened by my long illness, I was taken ill again and was carried to Manchester hospital, where I lay for three weeks and was discharged from the service.

After a rest of three weeks, during which time I procured a horse, I went to Charleston and joined the First S. C. Cavalry, then stationed near Adams Run, and after a few months service there we were ordered to Virginia, the horses being taken through the country and the men on the train. We were carried to Staunton, Va., to await the arrival of our horses and camped there for two or three weeks and after the arrival of our horses we were marched out to Buffalo Gap to repel a reported raid by the enemy, but nothing came of it. Then we were brought back on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge and placed in Hampton's brigade under Stuart. Here we were detached and ordered to report to General Stuart's headquarters and he assigned me to duty in his signal corps, and for 18 months I was engaged in this duty and a great deal of the time at his headquarters. Just after the battle of Gettysburg, at the time of which Gen. Hampton made a raid in the rear of Burnside's army and captured a depot of his supplies at Dumfries, on the Potomac, I was sent by General Stuart across the Rappahannock with a younger brother of mine (Walter Russell) and the likes of Hooker's left wing, with orders to watch and report his movements and also the movements of the enemy's vessels on the Potomac and Rappahannock. I remained there until after the battle of Chancellorsville, when we were ordered to join the army on the march to Gettysburg. I want to say that this was the only easy and pleasant service I had during the war. The mother of an old college mate of mine at the University of Virginia, Edwin Bowie, upon learning this fact had us invited to her house and for over four months we had good quarters and the best of food and no camp duty to do, our only duty being daily to watch the enemy and his vessels. But it all ended when the Gettysburg campaign started.

At Upperville, in Loudon county, I had one of the most exciting and dangerous experiences of the war. A cavalry battle lasting all day was fought between Stuart and position with infantry, had us on the ground to start and to the discharge of my signal duties I was several times left between the lines with bullets and shells coming from both directions, my signal making a conspicuous target for the sharpshooters. My orders were to hold the position until relieved, and I wanted and wished anxiously for orders to fall back. We were reinforced by Lehigh-street's infantry after we had been driven through Upperville, and then we turned the tables on the "blue coats" and made them hustle back to the other side of Goose Creek much faster than they came. From here I was detailed to march with the rear guard of Lee's army, a brigade of cavalry under General Beverly Robinson, and on July 3rd, 1863, we reached the battlefield, and participated in some of the bloody scenes of that day—also witnessing the magnificent charge of Pickett's division.

From Gettysburg I began the march back to Virginia on the night of July 28th, and near Hagerstown, Md., we waited in line of battle for several days, as the Potomac was so swollen we could not cross. But Meade did not care to repeat the dose he had at Gettysburg of the middle of Lee's army. I crossed the Potomac at Williamsport and was the entire night in the river by the side of the wagon train, with the water over my feet and ankles. Coming back into Virginia General Stuart made his headquarters at the slaughter house, near the battlefield of Drury's Station, and in August we had another encounter with the Yankees on the same field, in which the fortunes of the day were with us at first, but later in the day the Yanks got the "bulge" on us and we had to hustle away from there.

I spent the winter of 63-64 on the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg, near Port Royal, in the signal service, and in April '64, my regiment was ordered back to B. C. and of course I had to return with it. We were based on James Island, near Charleston, and there we remained until Charleston was evacuated in February, 65. My duties on James Island were to climb an observatory at Secessionville every day and with a powerful glass scan the ocean for the movement of the Yankee vessels. This observatory was 120 feet high, an open tower work, and each morning as I climbed up the Yankee batteries at Fort Mifflin would open on me, but our batteries at Secessionville would open on them and draw off their fire.

When we evacuated Charleston we marched in the direction of Florence and then struck diagonally across the line of Sherman's march in an effort to get in his front. To my dying day I shall never forget the scenes of desolation I witnessed at this march. In every direction were lone chimneys standing on the sites of where once were happy homes. Sad news was there any animal life to be seen, in many cases the animals having been wantonly shot down and the carcasses left to decay. We succeeded in placing ourselves in Sherman's front and fought with the main army in March.

About this time I was detailed to scout for Gen. Logan, who had succeeded to the command of Hampton's old brigade. In this line of scout work we had many lively encounters, as we operated inside the enemy's lines.

On one occasion we started out just before sunset and had not gone far before we encountered a band of the enemy just as we came to the top of a hill. There was considerable sawing for a while, each side hesitating to charge, the Yankees meanwhile raising the bullets as we until our commander, Mulrhead, from Mt. Pleasant, waved his pistol and called on his men to follow, and at them we went. They started to run and one who was riding a mule, was thrown by the mule falling in a mudhole and rolling clear over him. He was a comical looking sight when we came up to him and captured him, the rest getting away. He had \$48.00 in silver in his pocket which we appropriated and divided among ourselves, giving each man \$4.00. The next morning we started out about sunrise and going down a long hill to a river which we crossed on a bridge, we ran into the most exciting experience of our lives. A woman's screams and the crying of children reached our ears, and looking up on the hill we saw a band of Yankees plundering a house. The big gate was standing open and the command was given to "form fours and charge" and we swept through the gate and up into the yard and were on them before they knew it; every one of them having a ham in his hand. We asked no questions, but went to shooting and shot down eight of them captured four, and two who were well mounted got away. When we got back to the road a column of Yankee infantry was crossing the bridge and we were cut off. We turned into the woods and for two miles went up the stream looking for a place to cross, but each bank was a steep bluff. At last we came to a place where a branch went in on one side and on the opposite side, though the bank was steep, there was a bottom ditch that emptied into the river. Mulrhead led the way and swam over and got his horse out through the ditch. One at a time we followed, jumping off and letting the horses scramble out, Mulrhead reaching his gun barrel to each of us to help climb the bank. Soon after that the army went into camp, having heard of Lee's surrender, and General Johnston opened negotiations with Sherman for the surrender of his army. The night before the surrender we got word that the surrender would take place the next day, and General Logan sent word to his brigade that he was not going to surrender and his brigade could do as they pleased. We pleased not to surrender and did not do so but got out by an all night ride, and I have not surrendered yet and do not intend to.

In about ten days I reached home to find the whole country disturbed by a raid which was nothing but a band of robbers, as they plundered and stole everything they could find. A small party of us old soldiers got together and attacked a band of seven or eight of them within three or four miles of Mulrhead's bridge on Saluda river. Though there were but seven of us we killed one, captured five, and ran the balance of them off, setting seventeen horses and mules.

That was the last episode in my war career. Soon after I met the girl who is now my wife and the mother of my children and we have journeyed together for nearly forty-eight years at this writing, June 1913, having been married December 14th 1865.

Reconstruction troubles were beginning and having been driven from home by the Yankee garrison, and compelled to hide myself under an assumed name in order to avoid arrest, I decided to move to the state of Indiana, which I did in January, 1868, and remained there, teaching school, merchandising and farming until 1876, when I came back home in time to see a red shirt and help to elect Wade Hampton governor of the state. After this I bought a farm in Hopewell township, five miles from Anderson, and farmed and taught school there for seven years, holding the office of magistrate during the time. From there I moved to Townville to take charge of the Academy at that place, and during my second year there I was elected to the office of county superintendent of education, which office I held for three terms of two years each. During this time the political agitation began in this state under the lead of Benjamin R. Williams and I took the side of Tillman and the Farmers Alliance and was made the editor of the Alliance paper, the Peoples Advocate, and remained so for some eight or nine years when The Daily Mail was founded. When The Daily Mail was founded I was made the editor of that paper, which I conducted it for four years, with the interval of almost a year, when I held the office of supervisor of the Twelfth United States census for the Third District of South Carolina.

In 1895 I was elected a member from this county to the constitutional convention, which met in September of that year and framed the present state constitution under which we are now living, and it is a source of pride to me that I helped to frame the constitution for South Carolina that insures white supremacy in this commonwealth.

It is also a source of pride to me that I have been blessed in rearing a family all of whom are leading names in the state and assisting to promote the social and educational uplift of the country. And I am profoundly grateful to the Almighty that I was born in the southland, the land of big ideals, where sons for nearly seventy-five years were the leaders of the political thought and activity, and made the most of the history of the greatest country in the world.

Since this sketch was written Mr. Russell was elected recorder of the city of Anderson on December 17, 1913, for a term of four years. He filled this office ably and to the entire satisfaction of the city council and the public. He was always fair and just and was distinguished that no unpleasant incident or any time be mentioned in his life. He possessed a judicial mind for in all cases before him and to place the responsibility where it belonged. He presided months ago when his physical condition prevented him from leaving town

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Advertisement for Red Shirt Dairy Feed, featuring an illustration of a cow and text describing the feed's composition and benefits.

Advertisement for Seven Eggs a Week Bird Feed, featuring an illustration of a rooster and text describing the feed's ingredients.

Advertisement for Molony & Carter Co. featuring an illustration of a horse and text describing their products and services.

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